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OXBERRY'S

NEW

English Drama.

THE MISER,

A FARCE,

BY

Henry Fielding.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET:
A. T. GOODRICH & CO. NEW-YORK.

1823.

Plays

CONTAINED IN THIS EDITION, AS FAR AS YET PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND.

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7 Richard III.
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11 Alexander the Great.
12 Lionel and Clarissa.
13 Hamlet.
14 Venice Preserved.
15 Is He Jealous? *
16 The Woodman's Hut. *
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18 Way to Keep Him.
19 Castle Spectre.
20 Maid of the Mill.
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22 Soldier's Daughter.
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38 Critic. *
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45 Stranger.
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47 King Lear.
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51 Wild Oats.
52 Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.
53 Magpie. *
54 Quaker. *
55 Merchant of Venice.
56 Wheel of Fortune.
57 Rob Roy.
58 Citizen. *
59 Deserter. *
60 Miser. *
61 Guy Mannering.
62 Cymbeline.
63 Lying Valet. *
64 Twelfth Night.
65 The Confederacy.
66 Douglas.
67 Who's the Dupe? *
68 Know Your own Mind.
69 Macbeth.
70 Tobacconist. *
71 Midnight Hour.
72 Grecian Daughter.
73 Fortune's Frolic. *
74 King Henry IV.

☞ *Those marked thus * are Farces or Melo-drames; the prices of which are 20 cents; the Plays and Operas 25 cents.*

Oxberry's Edition.

THE MISER,

A COMEDY;

By Henry Fielding.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

By W. OXBERRY, *Comedian.*

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET:
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Remarks.

THE MISER.

THIS piece is a plagiarism from Moliere, but it might well pass for a tree of English growth, for the characters are copies from nature, and nature is every where the same. The incidents are more humorous than the dialogue, which is, indeed, rather arch and lively than humourous or witty. Moliere, however, is under some obligations to Plautus, and has, on this occasion, not much greater claims to originality than Fielding, at least, as far as character is concerned. Neither seem to have been aware that a more judicious reaper had been before them on the same ground. Lovegold is infinitely inferior to the Jaques de Prie of Ben Jonson in "THE CASE IS ALTERED," and in the subordinate characters the advantage is still more in favour of our old bard, who moreover, has incident enough in his piece to furnish out a dozen *Misers*. By uniting the "*Aulularia*" with the "*Captive*" of Plautus he has produced a comedy which, though for awhile neglected, must be considered as one of the staple ornaments of the English Drama.

For our own parts we do not see that comic authors should play the divines, or that a comedy should be a lesson of morality; if, however the law is a good one—and

it has been so decided,—the *Miser* must be certainly condemned, with many of his more worthy brethren; the avarice of Lovegold is no excuse for the knavery of his son and daughter,* and the treachery of Mariana; that he is a villain, does not make them more honest, and after all it is only the triumph of many young rogues over one old one, who succeed by lying, cheating, and even down-right robbery.

There is also another great defect in this piece; the speech of each individual bears no distinctive mark; there is a peculiar impress which peculiarity of habit lends to language, by which every sort, or at least, class of character, has its own dialect, as certain and as distinct as the dialects of Ireland and Scotland, or the patois of Venice; and we invariably find our old poets,—Shakspeare more particularly---attentive to this maxim. The dialects of Nym, Bardolph, and Falstaff, are as different from each other as from the dialect of Greece or Rome! Nay, even Shallow, though so nearly allied in nature and habits, is yet, in this respect, sufficiently distinguished. It must, however, be allowed, that this excellence is extremely rare since the decay of the great English School, and the want of it therefore must be lightly visited in Fielding.

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* The daughter, and many other characters, are omitted in representation.

Costume.

LOVEGOLD.

Old fashioned drab suit.

FREDERICK.

Fashionable walking dress.

RAMILIE.

Dress livery.

FURNISH.

Ibid.

SPARKLE.

Old fashioned brown suit.

SATIN.

Old fashioned black suit.

LIST.

Brown coat, fancy waistcoat, and black breeches.

LAWYER.

Old fashioned black suit.

SERVANT.

Livery.

JAMES.

First dress.—Old fashioned livery.—Second dress.—White jacket and apron.

MRS. WISELY.

Old lady's rich satin dress.

MARIANA.

Blue body, and muslin petticoat.

LAPPET.

Coloured muslin gown.

Persons Represented.

Covent Garden.

Lovegold	Mr. Farren.
Frederick	Mr. Abbot.
Ramilie	Mr. Farley.
Furnish	Mr. Atkins.
Sparkle	Mr. Comer.
Satin	Mr. King.
List	Mr. Treby.
Lawyer	Mr. Crumpton.
Servant	Mr. Penn.
James	Mr. Simmons.
Mrs. Wisely	Mrs. Emery.
Mariana	Miss Matthews.
Lappet	Mrs. Gibbs.

THE MISER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Lovegold's House.*

Enter LOVEGOLD *and* RAMILIE, L.H.

Love. Answer me not sirrah, but get out of my house.

Ram. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not yours, and I wont go out of the house, sir, unless I am turned out by my proper master, sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is; he has no need of a servant while he is in my house; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expense than a prudent man might clothe a large family at. It's plain enough what use he keeps you for; but I will have no spy upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ram. Steal! a likely thing indeed to steal from a man who locks up every thing he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night!

Love. I'm all over in a sweat, lest this fellow

should suspect something of my money.—(*Aside.*) —Hark'ye, rascal, come hither: I would advise you not to run about the town, and tell every body you meet that I have money hid.

Ram. Why, have you any money hid, sir?

Love. No, sirrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report nevertheless.

Ram. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it.

Love. D'ye mutter sirrah? get you out of my house, I say, get you out this instant.

Ram. Well, sir, I am going.

Love. Come back: let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ram. What should I carry?

Love. That's what I would see. Turn your pockets inside out if you please; but you are too practised a rogue to put any thing there. These damn'd bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

Ram. Give me my bag, sir; I am in the most danger of being robbed.

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

Ram. Ay, sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you, but a few boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

Ram. No, really, sir.

Love. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

Ram. Ay, any where from such an old covetous curmudgeon. [*Exit*, R.H.

Love. So, there's one plague gone. Now I will go pay a visit to the dear casket.

Enter FREDERICK, R.H.U.E.

In short I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in, which I received yesterday; three thousand guineas are a sum —Oh, heavens! I have betrayed myself! my passion has transported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! what's the matter?

Fred. The matter, sir!

Love Yes, the matter, sir? I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard—

Fred. What sir?

Love. That—

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Fred. Pardon me, sir, I really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself in this great scarcity of money, what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one: I tell you this that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas.

Fred I enter not into your affairs, sir.

Love. But I have an affair of consequence to mention to you. Pray sir, you who are a fine gentleman, and converse much amongst the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady called Mariana?

Fred. Mariana, sir!

Love. Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her, sir!

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Why, I think her the most charming woman in the world.

Love. Would she not be a desirable match?

Fred. So desirable that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of, that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. Oh, sir! consider but her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune. For heaven's sake, sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there; however, there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagancies on this occasion, perhaps the difference in some time might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father! I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful good boy; and since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am even resolved to marry her.

Fred. Ha! you resolved to marry Mariana!

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Fred. Who? you, you, you!

Love. Yes, I, I, I.

Fred. I beg you will pardon me, sir; a sudden dizziness has seized me, and I must beg leave to retire. [*Exit*, L.H.

Love. What the devil's the matter with the boy.

Enter JAMES, L.H.

Love. Where have you been? I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom did you want, sir? your coachman or your cook? for I'm both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook.

James. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman: for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starved—but your cook, sir, shall wait upon you in an instant. (*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*) Now sir, I am ready for your commands.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half year; a dinner indeed now and then—but for a supper, I'm almost afraid for want of practice, my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, and see that you provide me a good supper.

James. That may be done with a good deal of money, sir.

Love. Is the devil in you? always money. Can you say nothing else but money, money, mo-

ney? my children, my servants, my relations, can pronounce nothing but money!

James. Well, sir, but how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dressed but for eight; for if there be enough for eight there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, sir, at one end a handsome soup: at the other a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal, on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which may be had for about a guinea.

Love. Zounds! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen!

James. Then a ragout—

Love. I'll have no ragout---would you burst the good people, you d g?

James. Then pray, sir, say what you will have.

Love. Why!---see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two good dishes of soup-maigre; a large suet-pudding; some dainty fat pork-pie,---very fat.---A fine small lean breast of mutton, and a large dish with two artichokes. There---that's plenty and variety.

James. O dear—

Love. Plenty and variety.

James. But, Sir, you must have some poultry.

Love. No, I'll have none.

James. Indeed, sir, you should.

Love. Well, then—kill the old hen, for she has done laying.

James. Lord, sir, how the folks will talk of it; --indeed people say enough of you already.

Love. Eh! why what do the people say pray?

James. Ah, sir, if I could be assured you would not be angry.

Love. Not at all; for I'm always glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Why, sir, since you will have it then, they make a jest of you every where. Nay of your servants on your account.—One says you pick a quarrel with them quarterly, in order to find an excuse to pay them no wages.

Love. Pah! pah!

James. Another says, that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses.

Love. That must be a lie;—for I never allow them any.

James. In a word you are the bye word every where—and you are never mentioned, but by the names of covetous—stingy—scraping old--

Love. Get along, you impudent villain!

James. Nay, sir—you said you would not be angry--

Love. Get out! [*Exit James*, L.H.

Enter LAPPET, R.H.

Lap. Who's there?

Love. Ah, is that you, Lappet?

Lap. I should rather ask if it be you, sir? why, you look so young and vigorous--

Love. Do I, do I!

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, sir; you never looked half so young in your life, sir, as you do now. Why, sir, I know fifty young fellows of five-and-twenty that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well; and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I'm afraid could I take off twenty years it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? have you mentioned any thing about what her mother can give her? for now-a-days nobody marries a woman unless she brings something with her besides her petticoat.

Lap. Sir! why, sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pounds a-year as ever was told.

Love. How! a thousand pounds a-year.

Lap. Sir, she'll bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play; there's your thousand a year.

Love. In short, Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch, something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real. I have heard them talk of a certain country where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I should be glad to touch it: but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, sir, how little do you know of her! this is another peculiarity that I had to tell you of: she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you above all things to take care not to appear too young; she insists on sixty at least: she says fifty years is not able to content her.

Love. This humour is a little strange, methinks; to say the truth, had I been a woman I should never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff indeed to be in love with young fellows! Pretty masters indeed with their fine complexions and their fine feathers! Now, I should be glad to taste the savour that is in any of them.

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are ravishing! if your picture were drawn by a good hand, sir, it would be invaluable! Turn about a little if you please: there, what can be more charming! Let me see you walk; (*Lovegold struts about.*) there's a person for you! tall, straight, free, and degagêe! Why, sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many; hem, hem; not many, I

thank heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah sir, that's nothing; your catarrh sits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person?

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, sir, I have not been backward on all such occasions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

Love. You did very well, and I'm obliged to you.

Lap. But, sir, I have a small favour to ask of you—I have a lawsuit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money; (*He looks gravely.*) and you could easily procure my success if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you.—(*He looks pleased.*)—Ah! how you will delight her! how your venerable mien will charm her! she will never be able to withstand you.—But indeed, sir, this lawsuit will be of terrible consequence to me. (*He looks grave again.*) I am ruined if I lose it, which a very small matter would prevent. Ah, sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! (*He resumes his gaiety.*) how pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! in short, to discover a secret to you which I promised to

conceal, I have worked up her imagination till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part: and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, sir; (*He looks serious.*) it will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell; I'll go and finish my despatches.

Lap. I assure you, sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go and give some orders about a particular affair—

Lap. I would not importune you, sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turned, with new buttons, for a wedding-suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, sir, don't refuse me this small favour: I shall be undone, indeed, sir: if it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, sir.

Love. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pounds, sir; but three pounds, sir: nay, sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two. (*As he offers to go out on either side she intercepts him.*)

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark there, somebody calls me. I'm very much obliged to you; indeed I am very much obliged to you. I'll do for you Lappet, you shall never know what I'll do for you. [*Exit*, L.H.

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain as you are.

[*Exit*, R.H.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber.*

Enter RAMILIE, R.H. *and* LAPPET, L.H.

Ram. Well, madam, what success?

Lap. Never was a person of my function so used; all my rhetoric availed nothing. While I was talking to him about the lady, he smiled and was pleased, but the moment I mentioned money to him, his countenance changed, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting?

Ram. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible, in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

Lap. Let me tell you then, sweet sir! that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress and his father.

Ram. What affair, pr'ythee?

Lap. What should it be but the old one, matrimony? In short your master and his father are rivals.

Ram. I am glad on't, and I wish the old gentleman success with all my heart.

Lap. How! are you your master's enemy?

Ram. No, madam, I am so much his friend that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant, which must be the case, for I am determined against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master.—But is the old gentleman in love?

Lap. Oh, profoundly! delightfully! oh that you had but seen him as I have; with his feet tottering, his eyes wattering, his teeth chattering! his old trunk was shaken with a fit of love, just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

Ram. He will have more cold fits than hot I believe.—Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I first put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true you did mention it first; but I thought of it first, I am sure; I must have thought of it: but I will not lose a moment's time; for notwithstanding all I have said, young fellows are devils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue and should he get access to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I shall never be able to undo as long as I live. [*Exit*, L.H.

Ram. There goes the glory of all chambermaids, match her who can. [*Exit*, R.H.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lovegold's House.*

Enter LOVEGOLD, *and* FREDERICK, R.H. MRS. WISELY, *and* MARIANA, L.H.

Mrs. Wise. Mr. Lovegold—my daughter.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady: (*Crosses to Centre.*) I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles; (*Puts on his spectacles.*) it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty, that is, the finest, brightest, and most glorious of all stars.

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out, unless you keep him at a greater distance. (*Aside.*)

Love. (*Listening.*) I shall make the fellow keep his distance, madam. Hark'e, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father?

Fred. (*Crosses to Mar.*) My father has indeed, madam, much reason to be vain of his choice: you will be doubtless a very great honour to our family; notwithstanding which, I cannot help saying, that if it were in my power I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it indeed; were they to ask the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law.

Fred. Well, sir, since you will have me talk in another style—Suffer me, madam, to put myself in the place of my father; and believe me when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming; that I can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing you; that to be called your husband would be to my ears a title more blest, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes.

Love. Hold, hold, sir! softly, if you please!

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant, sir! I have a tongue to say civil things with myself; I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet sir!

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweetmeats, sir, and tokay, in the next room: I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. Wise. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. (*To Mariana.*) Did you ever see, madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

Mar. It seems indeed to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me

leave, sir. (*Takes it off from his father's finger and gives it to Mariana.*) There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mar. It is really a prodigious fine one.

Fred. (*Preventing Mariana, who is going to return it.*) No, madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, madam, intends it as a present to you, therefore I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, sir, your request to this lady that she would wear this bauble for your sake?

Love. (*Aside to his son.*) Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark staring mad! (*Aside.*)

Mar. I must insist on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him; let me entreat you, madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree.

Mrs. Wise. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuse so often.

Love. Oh that the devil would but fly away with this fellow. (*Aside.*)

Fred. See, madam, what agonies he is in lest you should return it—It is not my fault, dear sir! I do all I can to prevail with her—but she is obstinate.—For pity's sake, madam, keep it.

Love. (*To his son.*) Infernal villain! (*Aside.*)

Fred. My father will never forgive me, madam, unless I succeed: on my knees I entreat you.

Love. The cut-throat! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Wise. Daughter, I protest you make me ashamed of you. Come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone! I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left. (*Aside.*)

Enter JAMES, R.H.

James. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy—bid him come another time—bid him leave his business with you—

James. Must he leave the money he has brought, with me, sir? [*Exit*, R.H.

Love. No, no, stay—tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon, ladies, I'll wait on you immediately. [*Exit*, R.H.

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mrs. Wise. Really, sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but since the tokay is provided, I will taste one glass.

Fred. I'll wait on you, madam. [*Exeunt*, L.H.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Lovegold's House.*

Enter FREDERICK *and* RAMILIE, R.H.

Fred. How! Lappet my enemy! and can she

attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father?

Ram. Sir, upon my honour, it is true.

Fred. Go and fetch Lappet hither; I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ram. Bring her over! A fig for her, sir! I have a plot worth fifty of yours. I'll blow her up with your father: I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ram. Never fear it, sir; I warrant my lies keep even pace with her's. But, sir, I have another plot; I don't question but before you sleep, I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. But I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ram. Sir, I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, sir, if you have any qualms of conscience, you may return it him again: your having possession will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well. I believe there is little danger of thy stealing any thing from him.—So, about the first affair; it is that only which causes my present pain.

Ram. Fear nothing, sir, whilst Ramilie is your friend. [*Exit*, R.H.

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success, I am sure thou hast a good one. Ha! Lappet!

Enter LAPPET, L.H.

Lap. Hey-day! Mr. Frederick; you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the house instead of a wedding.

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done, prevent this match which you have forwarded, or, by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours—

Lap. For Heaven's sake, sir! you do not intend to kill me?

Fred. What could drive your villainy to attempt to rob me of the woman I doat on more than life? What could urge thee, when I trusted thee with my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could sway thee to betray me?

Lap. As I hope to be saved, sir, whatever I have done was intended for your service.

Fred. It is in vain to deny it; I know thou hast used thy utmost art to persuade my father into this match.

Lap. Be but appeased, sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet.—Sir, I never did any thing yet so effectually but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said any thing so positively but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often

forget which side of the question it is of; besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me entreat you, dear madam, to consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be nor it shall not be.

Fred. How! how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But, sir, you was mentioning a certain little word called money just now. I should not repeat it to you, sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much better a will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it

Fred. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough, sir; if they were half-married already I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it.—[*Exit Fred.* R.H.]—Oh, there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity.—Ha! here he is.

Enter LOVEGOLD, L.H.U.E.

Lap. Oh, unhappy, miserable creature that I am! what shall I do? whither shall I go?

Love What is the matter, Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man—so good a master—so good a friend!

Love. Lappet, I say.

Lap. I shall never forgive myself; I shall never outlive it; I shall never eat, drink, sleep—
(*Runs against him.*)

Love. One would think you were walking in your sleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lap. Oh, sir!—you are undone, sir; and I am undone.

Love. How! what! has any one robbed me? have I lost any thing!

Lap. No, sir; but you have got something.

Love. What? what?

Lap. A wife, sir.

Love. No, I have not yet.

Lap. How, sir! are you not married?

Love. No.

Lap. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes, sir; and for some particular reasons you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lap. Oh, sir! this affair has almost determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceived in this lady! I told you, sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, sir; the devil of any estate has she!

Love. How! not any estate at all! How can she live then?

Lap. Nay, sir, heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing, will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but considering all her saving qualities, Lappet—

Lap. All an imposition, sir; she is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

Love. How! how! extravagant?

Lap. I tell you, sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

Love. How was it possible for you to be deceived in her?

Lap. Alas, sir! she would have deceived the devil; she would have deceived even you: for, sir, during a whole fortnight, since you have been in love with her, she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign, though, Lappet, let me tell you, that is a good sign: right habits, as well as wrong, are got by affecting them; and she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight, gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

Lap. She loves play to distraction; it is the only visible way in the world she has of a living.

Love. She must win then, Lappet; and play, when people play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing. I'd play myself if I was sure of winning. Besides, as she plays only to support herself, when she can be supported without it, she may leave it off.

Lap. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly; why, don't you see, sir, she is dressed out to-day like a princess?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress in order to get a husband; and as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases; and, to say the truth, she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty.

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lap. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced.

(*Catching Lappet in his arms.*)

Lap. Oh, sir! I am not the lady.—Was ever such an old goat! (*Aside.*) Well, sir, I see you are determined on the match, and so I desire you would pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family, in which I have lived so long, that I have contracted as great a friendship for it as if it was my own; I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor, honest, industrious, gentleman has been raising all his life time, squandered away in a year or two, in feasts, balls, music, cards, clothes, jewels.—It would break my heart

to see my poor old master eat out by a set of singers, fiddlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fops, cheats, rakes—to see his guineas fly about like dust, all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman, his whole stock in the funds spent in one half year, all his land swallowed down in another, all his gold, nay, the very plate he has had in his family time out of mind which has descended from father to son ever since the flood, to see even that disposed of. What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without any thing to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life?—Will they be contented then? or, will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too!—(*Both burst into tears.*)—The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner.—And will any one tell me, that such a woman as this is handsome?—What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining gold?

Love. Oh, my poor old gold!

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth?

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care!

Lap. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

Love. My dear lands and tenements!

Lap. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three and a half *per cent.*

Lap. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he married a beauty.

Enter a LAWYER, L.H.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors, you villain! you and your client too; I'll contract you with a plague.—(*Beats him off*, L.H.)—I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am sure, sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my law-suit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, sir, you wont suffer me to be ruined when I have preserved you from it.

Love. Hey! (*Appearing deaf.*)

Lap. You know, sir, that in Westminster-hall money and right are always on the same side.

Lov. Ay, so they are; very true, so they are; and therefore no one can take too much care of his money.

Lap. The smallest matter of money, sir, would do me an infinite service.

Love. Hey! what?

Lap. A small matter of money, sir, would do me a great kindness.

Love. Oh ho! I have a very great kindness for you; indeed I have a very great kindness for you.

Lap. Plague take your kindness!—I'm only losing time; there's nothing to be got out of him; so I'll even to Frederick, and see what the report of my success will do there.—Ah, would I were married to thee myself. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit*, L.H.

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

Enter RAMILIE, L.H.

Love. Who is that? Oh, is it you, sirrah? how dare you enter within these walls?

Ram. Truly, sir; I can scarcely reconcile it to myself. I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendship: but I don't know how it is, sir, there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, wont let me suffer you to be imposed upon; and to prevent that, sir, is the whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just now?

Love. What if she did, sirrah?

Ram. Has she not, sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana?

Love. Well, and what then?

Ram. Why then, sir, every single syllable she has told you, has been neither more nor less than a most confounded lie, as is indeed every word she says; for I don't believe, upon a

modest calculation, she has told six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies: her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour.

Love. She comes of a damned lying family.

Ram. The first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie, and every thing she has said of Mariana is another.

Love. How! how! are you sure of this?

Ram. Why, sir, she and I laid the plot together; and one time, indeed, I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth, but it was with a good design; the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest; but alas, sir! I know her friendship begins and ends at home, and that she has friendship for no person living herself. Why, sir, do but look at Mariana, sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

Love. Indeed she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say. —I will go and deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to every thing this moment. I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of woman. And for this piece of intelligence, I'll give you—I'll give you—No, I'll forgive you all your faults. [*Exit*, L.H.

Ram. And I will go find out my master, make him the happiest of all mankind, squeeze his

purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians. [*Exit*, L.H.

SCENE III.—*The Hall.*

Enter FREDERICK *and* LAPPET, R.H.

Fred. Excellent Lappet! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lap. I have only done half the business yet: I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her.

Fred. Do but that, dear girl! and I'll coin myself into guineas.

Enter RAMILIE, L.H.

Ram. Oh, madam, I little expected to have found you and my master together after what has happened; I did not think you had the assurance—

Fred. Peace, Ramilie! all is well, and Lappet is the best friend I have in the world.

Ram. Yes, sir, all is well, indeed; no thanks to her.—Happy is the master that has a good servant; a good servant is certainly the greatest treasure in this world.—I have done your business for you, sir I have frustrated all she has been doing, denied all she has been telling him: in short, sir, I observed her ladyship in a long conference with the old gentleman, mighti-

ly to your interest as you may imagine; no sooner was she gone, than I steps in, and made the old gentleman believe every single syllable she has told him to be a most confounded lie, and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

Lap. And sign the contract: so now, sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

Fred. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

Ram. Heyday! what is the meaning of this! have I done any more than you commanded me?

Fred. Nothing but my cursed stars could have contrived so damned an accident.

Ram. You cannot blame me, sir, whatever has happened.

Fred. I don't blame you, sir, nor myself, nor any one. Fortune has marked me out for misery; but I will be no longer idle: since I am to be ruined I'll meet my destruction. [*Exit*, R.H.

Lap. (*They stand some time in silence looking at each other.*) I give you joy, sir, of the success of your negociation: you have approved yourself a most able person, truly, and, I dare swear, when your skill is once known, you will not want employment. But, sir, how durst you go and betray me to your master, for he has told me all? Never see my face again. [*Exit*, R.H.

Ram. Now I'll to my lurking place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my

master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress. [*Exit*, L.H.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Lovegold's Garden.*

Enter RAMILIE, L.H. *with a Box;* FREDERICK, R.H.U.E.

Ram. Follow me, sir, follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter?

Ram. Follow me, sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

Fred. What's done?

Ram. I have it under my arm, sir;—here it is!

Fred. What? what?

Ram. Your father's soul, sir, his money.—Follow me, sir, this moment. [*Exeunt*, R.H.

Enter LOVEGOLD, L.H. *in the utmost distraction.*

Love. Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! Who is the thief? where is the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again, villain.—(*Catching himself by the arm.*)—I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh, my money, my money! Ha!

what say you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain must have watched his time carefully; he must have done it while I was signing that damned contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town, I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world, and if I don't find my money I will hang myself afterwards.

[*Exit*, R.H.

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

Enter MARIANA, MRS. WISELY, FURNISH, SATIN, *and* SPARKLE, L.H.

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition.

Furnish. I shall take a particular care, madam; I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning; I shall put off some work, madam, on that account.

Mar. Oh, Mr. Satin! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you?

Sat. Yes, madam, I have brought your ladyship some of the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and earrings with you?

Sparkle. Yes, madam, and I defy any jeweller in town to shew you their equals; they are, I

think, the finest water I ever saw; they are finer than the Duchess of Glitter's, which have been so much admired: I have brought you a solitaire too, madam! my Lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday. (*Presenting it.*)

Mar. Sure it has a flaw in it, sir.

Sparkle. Has it, madam? then there never was a brilliant without one! I am sure, madam, I bought it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone, you shall have it for nothing.

Enter LOVEGOLD, R.H.

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable; I shall never see it more! (*Aside.*)

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the neclace and ear-rings?

Sparkle. If you were my sister madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain? have you my three thousand guineas?

Mrs. Wise. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

Love. I am undone; I am ruined! my money is stolen! my dear three thousand guineas that I received but yesterday are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I shall never see them again!

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them; or, if you should not, the loss is but a trifle.

Love. How! a trifle! do you call three thousand guineas a trifle!

Mrs. Wise. She sees you so disturbed that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me! can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle? But tell me, what were you saying of them? have you seen them?

Sparkle. Really, sir, I do not understand you; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of ear-rings, which are cheap at three thousand guineas.

Love. How? what? what?

Mar. I can't think them very cheap; however, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream!

Mar. You will be paid immediately, sir. Well, Mr. Satin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought?

Sat. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a-yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price; let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing? are you mad?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pick-pocket trinkets here, and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you, this is a behavour I don't understand: you give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it!

Mar. I assure you sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife: I shall not be taught to dress by my husband; I am myself the best judge of what you can afford; and if I do stretch your purse a little, it is for your honour, sir: the world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this, madam?

(*To Mrs. Wise.*)

Mrs. Wise. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, sir;—she will never run you into unnecessary expenses; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on these accounts---I don't know when.

Mar. No, unless a birth-night suit or two, I shall scarce want any thing more this twelvemonth.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! however, there is one comfort, I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to choose whether you will marry at all or no.

Mrs. Wise. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pounds,

which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, madam, I have one way yet: I have not bound my heirs and executors, and so if I hang myself I shall be off the bargain.---In the mean while I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves.---Get out of my doors you cutpurses. (*To Sparkle and Furnish.*)

Sparkle. Pay me for my jewels, sir, or return 'em me.

Love. Give him his baubles, give them him.

Mar. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a little disordered at present, but if you will come to-morrow you shall have your money.

Sparkle. I'll depend on your ladyship, madam.

Love. Who the devil are you? what have you to do here?

Furnish. I am an upholsterer, sir, and am come to new-furnish your house.

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will disfurnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains. (*Beats the Tradesmen out*, L.H.)

Mrs. Wise. Sure, sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I signed the contract. Oh that I had never learnt to write my name!

Mar. I suppose, sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this; you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour?

Mrs. Wise. Is this your gratitude to a woman

who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh, would she had taken them! Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. Wise. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers; a good offer, refused once, is not to be had again.

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Ser. Madam, the taylor, whom your ladyship sent for, is come.

Mar. Bid him come in.----[*Exit Ser.* L.H.]---- This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in town to make you a new suit of clothes, that you may appear like a gentleman; for as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should. Come, madam, we will go in and give farther orders concerning the entertainment.

[*Exeunt, Mrs. Wisely and Mariana,* R.H.

Enter LIST, L.H.

Love. Oh, Lappet, Lappet! the time thou hast prophesied of is come to pass.

List. I am your honour's most humble servant. My name is List: I presume I am the person you sent for.---The laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns?

if you please, we will take measure first. I do not know, sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible, sir. I always visit France twice a-year; and, though I say it, that should not say it.—Stand upright, if you please, sir—

(*Taking measure.*)

Love. I'll take measure of your back, sirrah—I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here—out of my doors, you villain

List. Heyday, sir! did you send for me for this, sir?—shall bring you in a bill without any clothes. [*Exit*, L.H.

Enter LAPPET, L.H.

Lap. Where is my poor master? Oh, sir, I cannot express the affliction I am in to see you devoured in this manner. How could you, sir, when I told you what a woman she was, how could you undo yourself with your eyes open?

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken your advice I had been happy.

Lap. And I too, sir; for, alack-a-day! I am as miserable as you are; I feel every thing for you, sir; indeed I shall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

Lap. How could a man of your sense, sir, marry in so precipitate a manner?

Love. I am not married; I am not married.

Lap. Not married!

Love. No, no, no.

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

Love. I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond of ten thousand pounds to marry her!

Lap. You shall forfeit it—

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner: no, I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards, to save my money.

Lap. I see, sir, you are undone; and if you should hang yourself I could not blame you.

Love. Could I but save one thousand by it I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat? (*A noise without*, L.H.) Oh! oh! dear Lappet! see what it is! I shall be undone in an hour—[*Exit Lappet*, L.H.]—Oh! oh! why did not I die a year ago? What a deal of money I should have saved had I died a year ago.

Re-enter LAPPET, L.H.

Lap. Oh! sir! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh! oh! oh! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had! think if you had married her—

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible, sir; nothing can be so bad: what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds—Well—and ten thousand pounds are a sum; they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum, but what is such a sum compared with such a wife? if you marry her, in one week you will be in a prison, sir.

Love. If I am, I can keep my money; they can't take that from me.

Lap. Suppose, sir, it were possible (not that I believe it is,) but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand?

Love. Eight thousand devils take her!

Lap. But, dear sir! consider, nay, consider immediately, for every minute you lose, you lose a sum. Be resolute, sir; consider every guinea you give saves you a score.

Love. Well, if she will consent to, to, to, eight hundred—But try, do try, if you can make her 'bate any thing of that—if you can—you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'bates for yourself.

Lap. Why, sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Love. I wish I was out of my skin.

Lap. (*Knocking without*, L.H.) So, so, more

duns I suppose—Go but into the kitchen, sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Love. What shall I do? Part with eight thousand pounds! I shall run distracted either way.

[*Exit*, L.H.

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good-for-nothing.

Enter MARIANA, R.H.

Mar. Well, what success?

Lap. It is impossible to tell; he is just gone into the kitchen, where, if he is not frightened into our design, I shall begin to despair. They say fear will make a coward brave, but nothing can make him generous; the very fear of losing all he is worth will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted Frederick with my intentions?

Lap. Neither, I assure you. Ah, madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret I had never brought about those affairs that I have: were I not secret, lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town!

Enter LOVEGOLD, L.H.

Love. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devoured! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear madam, consider; I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle; I know they are nothing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse; and if you should stand out you will get more.

Love. (*Putting his hand before Lappet's mouth.*) You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie: she never could get more, never should get more; it is more than I am worth; it is an immense sum; and I will be starved, drowned, shot, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For heaven's sake, sir, you will ruin all. —Madam, let me beg you, entreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast; I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word will make me amends for the delay; and whatsoever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why, sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last; why, sir, get

rid of her at once: what are two thousand pounds? why, sir, the Court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast: it has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife? Besides, sir— (*They whisper.*)

Love. How! and will you swear a robbery against her? that she robbed me of what I shall give her? (*Aside to Lap.*)

Lap. Depend on it, sir. (*Aside to Love.*)

Love. I'll break open a bureau to make it look the more likely. (*Aside to Lap.*)

Lap. Do so, sir; but lose no time; give it her this moment. Madam, my master has consented and if you have the contract, he is ready to pay the money.—Be sure to break open the bureau, sir. (*Aside to Love.*)

Mar. Here is the contract.

Love. I'll break open the bureau. (*Aside to Lap.*)

Lap. Do sir. (*Aside to Love.*)

Love. But wont that spoil the lock? (*Aside to Lap.*)

Lap. Pshaw! never mind the lock. (*Aside to Love.*)

Love. I'll fetch the money—'tis all I am worth in the world. [*Exit*, L.H.

Mar. Sure he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him: but you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine, for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, madam, to buy off my evidence?

Mar And is it possible that the old rogue would consent to such a villainy?

Lap. Ay, madam; for half that sum he would hang half the town. But truly I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie, for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune.

Enter LOVEGOLD, L.H.

Love. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world—I have sent for a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody. (*Aside to Lap.*)

Lap. (*To Love.*) You have done very wisely.

Love. (*Counting the notes as he gives them.*) One—two—three—four—five—six—eight.

Mar. No sir—there are only seven.

Love. (*Gives her another.*)—eight—nine—ten. Give me my contract.

(*She gives it and he tears it.*)

Mar. Now, sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

Love. Oh! my money! my money! my money.

Enter FREDERICK, L.H.

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the loss of your money, resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restored to you.

Love. How, sirrah? are you a confederate? have you helped to rob me?

Fred. Softly, sir, or you shall never see your guineas again.

Love. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together! so, go fetch my gold.

Mar. You are easily prevailed upon, I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

Love. Bear witness she has confessed she has the money, and I shall prove she stole it from me. Lappet is my evidence. She has broke the bureau; with a great kitchen poker.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and particularly yours, madam, whom I have most injured.

Love. A fig for her pardon! you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then if there were any robbery, you must have robbed yourself. This lady can only be a receiver of stolen goods, for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Love. How! I! you! what! what!

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it—that the money you gave her, in exchange for the contract, I promised to swear she had stolen from you.

Love. I am undone, undone, undone!

Fred. No, sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet.

Love. But then the ten thousand, where are they?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hand of one who I think deserves them.

(*Gives them to Frederick.*)

Love. Sirrah! give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You must excuse me, sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

Lap. Be pacified, sir; I think the lady has acted nobly in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hanged! If I am robbed, I don't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another—and I will hang him if he does not restore me all I have lost: for I would not give half that sum to save the whole world. —I will go and employ all the lawyers in town; for I will have my money again, if law, justice, or injustice will get it me. [*Exit*, L.H.

Fred. I am resolved we will get the better of him now: but oh, Mariana! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it. From what we have seen lately, I think riches are rather to be feared than wished; but it is the Miser endeavours to be wretched.

He hoards eternal cares within his purse,
And what he wishes most, proves most his curse.

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